NEW YORK LETTER.

REMARKABLE CHARACTERS SEEN AT HOTELS OF A GREAT METROPOLIS.

Heirs of Millionaires—Theatrical Gossip—Abuses in New York Hospitals—Hard on the Poor—Politics.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

NEW YORK, October 1, 1887.

No more remarkable and cosmopolitan types of the genus man can be found in the world than stamp the corridors of the New York hotels. An observing man can lose himself in a labyrinth of mysterious cogitations in ten minutes, if he tries to guess the identity and purposes of even 10 per cent. of the men who regularly frequent the popular portions of the big New York hotels. There is a vast difference between the man who is constantly seen about the corridors and the man who lives regularly and domestically at the hotel. The latter comes up-town from business, hurries to his room, and is invisible about the house again until breakfast the next morning, except in very rare instances. Of course there are hotel hermits, but these men are exceptions. As a rule the regular guests are strangers to the office and the public part of the house.

The hotel hermit is a distinct creation. I have one in view now. He has lived for sixteen years at one of the most prominent of the Broadway hotels, and in that time it is doubtful if he has been away from the house more than ten consecutive hours. He is a heavy-jawed, red-faced creature, with sluggish eyes, ponderous belly, and lazy movements. He rises about 10 o'clock, spends half an hour over his boots, another half hour with the barber, and then talks to the hall boys, telegraph clerks, bar-tenders, and other employees of the house who will take the trouble to listen to him. After this he poses for a half hour on a particular flagstone, with his shoulders against a certain portion of the portico. If anybody happens to be standing in that place he waits patiently until he has a chance to take up his favorite position. He has a particular chair by a certain window in the dining-room, and here he breakfasts slowly for an hour or more. After that he resumes his position in the front of the house or if it is raining takes up a certain fixed space on a particular bench in the corridor. His life is the acme of monotony; he naturally has few friends, for he never ventures out in the world and his life and talk are tiresome to contemplate and hear. It is impossible even to get him to attend the theatre. He undoubtedly does precisely as he wishes to do, and the whole world is willing that he should devote himself to his fascinating pursuit of hotel immolation.

STRANGE MEN.

The men who continually challenge conjecture are the well-dressed, gentlemanly-appearing and polished men of the world who have their mail addressed to the principal hostelries, who make all their appointments there, and who occasionally dine in the hotel restaurants, but who never actually live in the house. No man knows where they do live, either, for their goings and comings are as mysterious as the much-discussed chances of a good yachting breeze the day before a race. Some of these men of the world are projectors of railroads, others own more or less pretentious patent rights, and some are adventurers pure and simple who trade upon the lesser intelligence of their fellows. Not infrequently the great wheel of fortune throws one or the other to the top and the schemer and manipulator of yesterday is the millionaire of to-day. The majority of the men are by no means to be confounded with swindlers and cheats. They are men of large mental culture, sturdy fighters against ill fortune and stanch and true friends to those who have befriended them. They realize fully what the whirligig of New York life is, and they stand by with no capital but their brains and wait for their chance to clutch a fortune. Occasionally they are victims to their own faith in the schemes they father. I know of one man who brought an electric motor from England, and sank over $50,000 of his own money in it. He built a machine-shop and put the motor in it, hired liveried attendants, and ran the whole thing on a plan of exalted expense and impressiveness. He lived in a capital suit of rooms in the Hoffman House, entertained gorgeously, and succeeded in interesting a great many men of sound financial standing in his project. In the end, however, it all fell to the ground, despite the most expert manipulation, and all because there was a screw loose in the machine and the man who was promoting it was too honest to do any dirty work. He is a pauper now, and the invention has been sold for junk, but he is as blithe and cultured an ornament of the New York hotel corridors as though he had established his scheme on a $5,000,000 basis and "realized" on a controlling portion of the stock.

THE HEIRS OF MILLIONAIRES.

When Jay Gould stepped lightly out of his office in the Western Union building yesterday afternoon there was a smile on his face such as had rarely ever been seen there before he became grandfather to the heir of his son George's fortune. The recent appearance of that youngster gave hope to the founder of the Gould dynasty that his millions would descend in direct line down, at least to the third generation, from whence the line of inheritance may yet be carried along through generations yet unborn. It used always to be said in old times, when millionaires were so few as to number, but three or four in the whole United States, the great fortunes in this country were pretty sure to be dissipated by the sons of the men who gathered them, and that there was no chance of the growth of hereditary wealth under the levelling influences of democracy. But we can now see in New York inherited fortunes, not few in number, that have been firmly held through three or four generations, and bid fair to continue far beyond the heirs now on the stage. The foundation of the biggest fortune in America was laid three quarters of a century ago by Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was even then the captain of a petty fleet; and the millions of the Commodore descended to his son William H., in whose hands they doubled, and by him they were bequeathed to William K. and his other children, several of whom have now posterity who are reasonably sure of inheriting it in due time. The foundation of the gigantic fortune of the Astor family (at least $100,000,000) was in this city a hundred years ago by John Jacob Astor, who transmitted it to his heir William B., who bequeathed it to his heir, John J., who some years ago turned over the keeping of it to his heir, William W., to be transmitted in course of time to his heir, already on the stage—heir of the fifth generation since the origin of the Astor fortune. These are the most familiar examples of hereditary fortunes in New York, though the list might be extended to the De Peysters (whose estate dates before the Revolution), the Rhinelanders, and many other land-holders. As for the fortunes now in the second generation and hastening to the third, they are too numerous to mention. So it is an error to suppose that the sons of the rich are always sure to be spendthrifts who will dissipate their heritage. It is a fact, on the contrary, that in the cases referred to, as well as in others that might be spoken of, the original inheritance has been vastly increased by each successive generation. The head of the Astor family to-day—if we regard William W., who manages the property, as the real head—is a shrewd business man, always enlarging the estate; and the same thing may be said of William K. Vanderbilt, and of others in the line of millionairism, including George Gould, the son of his father Jay and the father of his son Jay.

THE LOTTERY OF THE THEATRES.

Bronson Howard made a big struggle for lost ground with his new play this week. He got a drubbing from the press and the public when he produced "Met by Chance" which he is not likely to forget. Though he had been for many years the foremost of American dramatists and a man of many charming and lovable social qualities, he was jumped on just as hard when he made a failure as though he had been an unknown writer or a politician without a pull. He had everything at stake with his new comedy and he made it a success. "The Henrietta" was filled with bright dialogue, and gave evidence in several places of strong dramatic force. It was epigrammatic, too, as Howard's plays usually are, and its triumph was due to the playwright and not to the men who starred in the piece. The fact is that Robson and Crane are beginning to wear a little upon the public. All last year they tried to push an old Shakspearean comedy down the throats of theatre-goers whether they would or no, and the poorer the business was the harder they stuck to it. The result was that they lost prestige very rapidly, and they found it necessary to do something to attract the attention of the higher grade of theatre-goers. Hence their arrangement with Mr. Bronson Howard. But Robson and Crane have been acting together so long, and have so carefully nurtured their mannerisms that there is a lack of spontaneity and freshness about their humor which cannot be atoned for even by lavish stage skill and dramatic polish. In their new piece they have a vehicle that serves them well enough for showing off their old-time and hackneyed cleverness, and that is about all.

THE NEW FRENCH OPERA COMPANY

seems to have caught the town. There are more distinctively young women in the chorus than is usually the rule in companies of the sort, and there seems to be a very fair prospect of success. Everything is apparently running Abbey's way now, and the fact that his firm has control of the new French opera company indicates that the performance will be of a higher order than heretofore. Abbey is reaching out extensively in his old time fashion and it will not surprise anybody materially if the old-time result follows. He has engaged a company of twenty-four people, and the season at Wallack's Theatre, which he now manages, will be opened by a company of just seven persons. If the piece is successful Mr. Abbey will have fifteen high-priced people walking about the streets drawing salaries without having a chance to go on the stage. The new piece is called "The Mouse-Trap." It has never been played on any stage. Curiously enough, every actor in the company and everybody connected with the stage is English. Wallack's is fated to have the Anglomaniac tinge to the last. The two leading women are Rose Coghlan and Florence Girard (Mrs. Abbey), the leading man is Osmond Tearle, and all of the minor people are direct from London. As the shrewdest judges of things theatrical have claimed for years that the English tendency at Wallack's Theatre is what caused the downfall of the house, it is rather odd that so shrewd a man as Abbey should follow in the same path. The Wallacks seem to have dropped entirely out of the dramatic field. The old man, Lester Wallack, devoted some time to rehearsing Mr. Joseph Haworth, who is playing in "Rosedale," and Mr. Arthur Wallack, the son, is more or less interested in the Haworth tour. But both of these positions are of minor importance, and the men who once held the keynote of the entire dramatic situations in America have dropped into subservient and unimportant positions. They will eventually drop out of sight, and it is a question of a very short time at that.

THE SURPRISE OF THE SEASON

seems to be Mr. Frederick Bryton, whose fame is being rushed into prominence by the success which is greeting him all about the country. He is the handsomest of the leading men, and, unlike the actors of the Kyrle Bellew and Eben Plympton stripe, he seems to be made of solid flesh and blood, so that men admire him even more than women. His play and his success are remarkable instances of what pluck will do in the lottery of theatrical successes. Bryton is a brawny, square-shouldered, direct, and handsome man, with unlimited confidence in himself and a reputation for perfect squareness and thoroughness to his backers. He believed he could make a success as a star, and Nate Saulsbury believed in him too. Clay Greene wrote a play for him called "Forgiven," and Nate Saulsbury sent Bryton on the road. Week after week the company lost money, and Saulsbury went to his bank account and made good the losses. This went on for month after month, until Buffalo Bill's partner found himself on the wrong side of the bank account to the tune of a great many thousand dollars. Still he believed in Bryton, and Bryton believed in himself, and they kept on with unflinching courage. The season was closed with many debts, and Saulsbury pulled himself together, and applied the rest of his bank account to taking Buffalo Bill's show to England. There the money began to pour into his pockets in barrels full, and Bryton started out on his second season. The faith of the backer and of the star was unshaken, and this time Saulsbury was ready and able to meet all demands. But money has been pouring in on him from his American enterprise, just as it has been in London. Bryton's success is the talk in theatrical circles. He has made up all his losses, and is greeted by crowded houses everywhere in playing over the ground that was a dreary waste to him a year ago. Yet, if they had had a shade less money or confidence they would never have gone out again this year, and so missed a fortune. The theatrical business is a curious lottery at best, but there seems to be no doubt of the success of the policy of sticking to a good thing if you happen to get hold of it. That has been Saulsbury's motto, and his reward bids fair to be something near a million dollars within the next two years.

REMARKABLE ABUSES IN NEW YORK HOSPITALS,

A pathetic scene took place in the German Hospital on Fourth avenue recently. John Thomas, a poor laborer, lay on his deathbed, surrounded by a weeping wife, two children, and a brother. That terrible destroyer, heart-disease, had at last done its work.

"Bury me alongside of Lillie, Nell," he whispered faintly to his wife.

There was an increase of tears for several moments and then John had gone, leaving his relatives to fight their battles and enjoy their pleasures without him.

The very poor in this big city, however much they may grieve or mourn for the loss of a relative or friend, realize perfectly the futility of spending valuable time in lamenting. The actual imperative demand upon their purse and time while the departed is being removed to the final resting-place are frequently more than they can afford. In the present instance, Thomas had been ailing for more than four months, and the duty of providing for the family had devolved upon his wife and brother. With the certain knowledge of what was coming they had managed to lay by enough money to provide for a decent funeral. As soon as the first burst of grief over the death of the husband and brother had subsided Mrs. Thomas and her brother-in-law set about preparing for the funeral. Thomas's wish to be interred beside the body of his daughter was respected, and arrangements were made with the undertaker for a burial at Calvary cemetery. All that was necessary to complete the arrangements was the death certificate from the hospital authorities, and the wife went there in the morning before the funeral for the purpose of obtaining this. She was met by a young doctor, attired in the latest style, who replied to her mild request by saying:

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

"We'll give you a certificate provided you will allow us to perform an autopsy on the body of your husband, otherwise we can't do it. We want to learn the actual cause of death."

"Why, he died of heart-disease. He has been troubled with that for a long time," said the poor woman.

"Oh, he has, has he?" returned the dandy. "Well, we can't certify to that. No autopsy, no certificate."

Of course his object was to secure a body for the dissecting-knife. All the woman's entreaties and pleadings were in vain. She went home with a heavy heart, and would undoubtedly have given in to the cruel demands of the doctor had not a friend advised her to appeal to the Board of Health. She did so and was referred to the coroner's office. There she was informed that the doctor must give her a certificate, and Coroner Eidman agreed to push the matter through. The next day at noon, two hours after the time set for the funeral, the certificate was received. The undertaker had to hurry through with his arrangements, and it was late in the afternoon when the start was made for the cemetery. It was dark by the time they reached there, and only through the kindness of the keeper were they enabled to proceed with the ceremony. Through the brutality of the doctor they had lost time and money and had been plunged into anxiety.

Yet their experience was gentle compared with that of many poor persons in New York. Bellevue Hospital furnishes more instances of aggravated cruelty of this nature than any other, although nearly all the hospitals indulge in this style of blackmail. It is really nothing less. The hospital doctors' usual mode of obtaining compliance with their demands is clearly a violation of the criminal laws of the State and ought to be punished as such. The friends of the deceased patient are informed that unless they agree to an autopsy they cannot get the certificate. If they refuse to agree to this and insist upon having the certificate the doctors will give one; but they will, unless afraid of the consequences, invariably attribute the cause of death to alcoholism, although they are well aware that they are thus certifying to a falsehood.

HARD ON THE POOR.

In this way they wreak their petty revenge upon the poor persons who do not want to have the bodies of their relatives cut to pieces. The doctors know that such a death certificate will not be received by many of the best cemeteries and take satisfaction in preventing the poor relatives from interring the body where they wish.

It would seem at first glance that such practices would not be permitted by the elder doctors, who have reputations to lose and do not need to experiment upon the dead bodies of the poor; but as a matter of fact the men of real eminence are only consulting physicians and have no control over the conduct of the younger men.

Frequently the relatives, ignorant of their rights, submit to the demands of the doctors. In speaking of this the chief clerk of the coroner's office laid particular stress upon the fact that in Bellevue, the city hospital, these outrages were most frequent. There are always more unclaimed bodies there than are needed for dissecting purposes, but the young physicians seem to take pleasure in torturing the poor people. The coroners have frequently been called upon to interfere in cases where the doctor's conduct was particularly outrageous. A frequent trick where it is known that the relatives are making a fight for the body is to tell them that the doctor who had charge of the case is out. That compels them to call so frequently as to interfere seriously with their work. It has sometimes happened that by this means a poor man has lost his employment and been reduced to the verge of starvation. Fiendish cruelty of this kind needs correction by the strong hand of the law.

SOME MARTIAL FINANCIERS.

It is not without interest to consider the military element in Wall street. Soldiers as a rule seem to make good financiers. It is not necessary to enter into theories touching the reasons for the financial success of those who have commanded in the field; it will be sufficient to recognize the fact. The misfortunes of General Grant in financial enterprises merely form one of the exceptions which seem to prove the rule. The First Napoleon, it is well known, was a business-man of the highest order. He could turn from brilliant strategy to the question of shoes for his soldiers or a hundred other details really of a business nature, including the awarding of contracts and the delivery of supplies. And the only unbusinesslike circumstance in this connection recorded of him was the hanging, by his order, of several contractors for not delivering goods on time, yet it is worthy of note that this Napoleonic innovation led to more business-like promptness on the part of other contractors in keeping their engagements with him. Napoleon would have won a fortune simply as a business-man. Wellington was also a business-man of the first order. Military discipline seems similar in many respects to the discipline necessary to commercial achievements that lead on to fortune. And this seems true not merely of the great commanders whose names will shine bright in history till the present civilization shall go down in the darkness that enshrouds the equally proud civilizations of antiquity, but of the martial figures of lesser note whose names are unknown to the multitude, though they may be known to the military student.

GENERAL SAMUEL THOMAS,

president of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia road, with headquarters at New York, is a financier of ability. Years ago he was an Ohio lawyer. He became identified with railroads and is now a millionaire. One of his grand coups was the selling of the Nickel Plate road—the New York, Chicago and St. Louis—to the late William H. Vanderbilt. The road was said to be nearly something like a "strike," and General Thomas jocularly described himself and his associates in the enterprise as a gang of burglars at work on Mr. Vanderbilt's safe. After the sale of the road his friends presented him with a scarf-pin ornamented with a jewelled picture of a cracksman plundering a safe. He keeps it as a *souvenir*, but does not wear it. General Thomas is personally popular, quiet, and unpretending, and is likely to become even more prominent with the steady development of the South.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER

is another military figure in Wall street. He is now vice-president of the Pullman Palace-Car Company, and was at one time president of the West-Shore railroad and vice-president of the Metropolitan Elevated road. He has not been uniformly successful in his financial enterprises, but he has the faculty of landing on his feet. He is a graduate of West Point, took part in many important battles during the war, was on General Grant's staff, and when General Grant became President he became his private secretary. General Porter looks like a soldier. He wears a moustache and imperial and has quiet, courteous, and dignified manners. He has a keen sense of humor, and ranks with Chauncey M. Depew among the notable after-dinner speakers of New York.

Taking the next military-man I happen to meet there is Emil Schalk, of the Consolidated Exchange. He was on General McClellan's staff in the civil war and published five books, one entitled "The Art of War," written especially for the volunteer service, and another, "The Campaign of 1862–'63," which made him widely known as a military author. He is a German from Mentz, on the Rhine, and was educated as a civil engineer at the Ecole Centrale, of Paris. He has organized several exchanges, and has made a fortune in petroleum.

John H. Inman, the cotton and railroad millionaire, was a soldier in the Confederate army, but has a West Point stride as he goes through Wall street. He is a natural soldier, although he never held any rank.

GENERAL THOMAS M. LOGAN,

who is so prominent in the railroad world, is often seen in Wall street. He is a Charlestonian, forty-five years of age, was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army at twenty-two, practiced law in Richmond after the war, drifted into railroad enterprises, and is now wealthy. He is president of the Virginia Midland road and vice-president of several roads in the Richmond and Danville system. He is a graduate of the University of South Carolina, and is at once a gentleman and a financier—two terms not necessarily synonymous.

A handsome man, slightly under the medium height, with bushy side-whiskers and keen and rather sinister gray eyes, is one of the familiar figures of Wall street. I see him coming out of the Stock Exchange or entering the office of Drexel, Morgan & Co., or going into the Mills building, possibly to consult with Henry Villard about railroad elections in the Northwest.

BRAYTON IVES.

It is Brayton Ives. Few, even in Wall street, know that he has a military career. They only remember that Elijah Smith has checkmated him in some railroad schemes in the far Northwest; that he has, nevertheless, met with a considerable degree of success in Wall street, and is wealthy. He was recently re-elected a director in the Northern Pacific railroad. He entered the Union army as an adjutant when only twenty years of age, became a captain of infantry, a major, and at twenty-two or twenty-three commanded a cavalry regiment under General Sheridan, attaining the full rank of colonel at twenty-four and ultimately becoming a brevet brigadier-general on the recommendation of the hero of Winchester. General Ives served all through the war and was mustered out in 1864. He came from Connecticut, the land of wooden oats, hams, and nutmegs, and is a graduate of Yale. I refer to him partly because of his successful financial career and partly because he possesses an exceptionally fine library of five or six thousand volumes. It includes the Guttenberg Bible, the first printed book, which goes back to about 1455; the fourth book with a date, 1460, a Latin lexicon; the Cicero de Officiis, bearing date of 1460; the first arithmetic ever printed, the first Euclid, Iliad, Odyssey, Virgil, St. Augustine; Cæsar and Plutarch, the Pembroke Missal or manuscript book of prayers on vellum made about 1440 for the first Earl of Pembroke and for which it is said he has refused $10,000, not to mention other rare works. General Ives makes a specialty of the earliest volumes printed in the fifteenth century, and of books relating to the early history of this country. He was associated with General Grant and the famous William R. Travers as a director in one of the big banks of this city, reads Latin, Greek, and French, and is a member of the leading clubs of New York.

There are others equally worthy of note who have had a military career and have also made their mark in the monetary world, and the foregoing names are merely taken at random. They seem to give color to the theory that a military life, so far from unfitting a man for business, is really to a greater or less extent an advantage.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The State Democratic Convention is remarkable as being the only one held in ten years in which the Democracy of New York city were not endeavoring to scalp each other instead of trying to aid the party.

They were brought into harmony by the force of circumstances last fall. The George party had sprung into existence in a night and threatened to overwhelm both Tammany and the County Democracy. Had these factions been divided the vote showed that George would certainly have been elected mayor of this city.

Tammany, who appeared at the National Democratic Convention of 1880, after defeating the Democratic candidate for Governor, and who defeated the Democratic candidate for President that year by sulking in its tents, was the first to offer the olive branch. It nominated Abram S. Hewitt for mayor, despite the fact that he was a chieftain of the County Democracy and that he had dealt Tammany some of its hardest blows.

His nomination was made by Richard Croker, the Tammany leader, who had proved himself a warm personal friend to Hewitt years before when Hewitt needed political friends. Hewitt had returned his kindness, by securing Croker a place among the fire commissioners. Croker felt justified in again befriending Hewitt as no politician in New York city was ever before befriended. Hewitt needed political friends just then. He had fallen out with the Administration and Croker's medicine recuperated him. The County Democracy, under the guidance of a man fully as big brained as Croker, promptly accepted the olive branch. Hewitt became the candidate of a united city Democracy for the first time in a quarter of a century and was triumphantly elected.

Whether he has given satisfaction to either wing of the party or not, the union of both wings holds good. The leaders see that in harmony only is there strength. For a year past there has been no quarrel among them concerning either the municipal or the Federal patronage. Tammany, whose fidelity to the organization in 1884 elected a Democratic President whose nomination it bitterly opposed, evidently appreciates with a gratitude sharpened by a sense of ingratitude at Albany, and placidly allows the friends of the Administration to secure an advantage which gives them the control of the delegation to the national convention next year.

A REMARKABLE SCENE.

Probably one of the most remarkable scenes in the convention was the appearance of the Hon. William Bourke Cockran and Colonel John R. Fellows in the *role* of the Siamese twins. Both men are great orators, and they have always been heretofore pitted against each other in State conventions. Fellows is Ciceronian in eloquence, while Cockran is Demosthenic. Fellows won his spurs in New York as an orator many years ago. Cockran sprang into the arena much later.

I well remember his first appearance on the oratorical stage. It was as a contesting delegate on behalf of Irving Hall before the State Committee in the Delavan House, Albany, about six years ago. Dan. Manning was chairman of the committee, and one of its members was William C. Whitney. Cockran stood before them a man whose strength was entirely unknown. He is a massive-faced, broad-shouldered, big-boned man, fully six feet tall. He has a powerful yet musical voice, and impresses every hearer with his intense carnestness. His gestures and bearing at that time were awkward and unstudied. To-day they are as graceful as were the bearing and gestures of Edward Everett. He then stood before the committee, long-haired and erect, confident yet unassuming. As he warmed to his work he threw his chest out until his form resembled that of Fighting Joe Hooker. Then he closed his eyes, gave full play to his imagination and power of logic, and the words poured from his mouth like molten intellectual gold. Facts, figures, antecedents—all were at his command without reference to notes. Each was driven into place by his powerful right arm without the unclosing of his eyes. The speech was sprinkled with sarcasm doubly distilled. It was so severe in a reference to Mr. Whitney that Dan. Manning was about to interrupt the speaker, when Whitney himself, evidently charmed by the orator's constructive power of thought and facility of expression, besought Mr. Manning not to interfere. It was perhaps the greatest speech ever made before the State Committee, and possibly much of the consideration given to Irving Hall for years afterwards was due to Cockran's eloquence on this occasion.

COLONEL FELLOWS

has not the magnificent presence of Cockran. The latter is built more like Webster, while the former naturally recalls Stephen A. Douglas. His masterly power of speech was shown in the last two Democratic national conventions. In Cincinnati John Kelly, who had bolted the Democratic State ticket the year before, contested the seats of the County Democracy. Old Dick Hubbard, of Texas, now Minister to Japan, got the platform unexpectedly and opened up a big boom for harmony. His idea of harmony was to give Kelly half the delegation. Dick is built something like a Durham bull. He has compactness of body and of expression and a mighty dignity of oratory. He roared to some purpose, and the faces of the County Democracy began to blanche as their owners heard the wave of applause responsive to Dick's eloquence. Fellows sat among them with arms folded, legs crossed, and his curly-head at least a foot lower than the heads of the delegates near him. Hubbard had undoubtedly captured the convention when he closed. As Fellows took the platform the silence was so profound that if a thistledown had blown in you could have heard it roll over the floor of the hall.

The Colonel began by saying that he had belonged to the Democracy from the day of his birth, and that he had seen many strange signs and portents in the political sky in his day, but this was the first time in his life that he had ever seen a Democratic State delegation presenting the corpse of a Democratic candidate for Governor as its credentials for admission to a Democratic national convention. In the clearest Anglo-Saxon and with the keenest irony he held "John Kelly's treason" to light and depicted its results. It was done so artfully and quietly that the most rambunctious southerners were deeply convinced of Hubbard's mistake; that it was by the skin of its teeth that Tammany was given even the courtesy of a seat in the hall. If Cockran had been known to fame at that time and had appeared on behalf of Tammany Hall, possibly the result might have been different.

A POLITICAL FIGHT.

It was in 1884 that these redoubtable intellectual champions had their greatest fight. It occurred in the national convention at Chicago. Kelly was fighting against the nomination of Cleveland tooth and toenail, and Cockran was Tammany's champion. Fellows upheld the honor of the County Democracy. He was sorely beset, first by Grady, next by Kelly, and finally by Cockran. Grady went down before him like a common soldier, Kelly died as Brian De Bois Gilbert died, but Cockran was like old Zach Taylor—he never knew when he was whipped, but like a true Irishman fought to the last, when all hope was gone and there was not even the breath of life in his body. His delegation was tied hand and foot by the unit rule, and Vilas, chairman of the convention, would not give him the shadow of fair play, even refusing to enter the protest of Tammany on the record. It was a great victory for Fellows, however, independent of the advantage of position. His enemies hung charmed on his words and joined in the cheers when he shook himself from his feet and fell from the chair on which he was standing by the physical intensity of his eloquence.

The hatchet, however, was buried last fall and is not yet unearthed. How soon the force of circumstances may bring it to light time alone can determine. One thing, however, is certain: if the scalping-knife is again drawn by these two men it will be a fight worth seeing. Cockran is young, and, like good wine, improves with age. Fellows long ago passed the half mile post of life, and unless he has the mental and physical stamina of old Gladstone, is liable to go down in the encounter.

THE CAMEL'S BACK BROKEN.

A Druggist Camel Who is Loaded Up to the Muzzle with Patience.

[Philadelphia News.]

Manager George Connor, of Helmbold's, is a man of peace. In him the elements of gentleness and patience are as well mixed as are his own prescriptions. His pulse does not vary a throb in forty-eight hours, and excitement is not in him. To answer a call at midnight to sell one postage-stamp is to Mr. Connor a pleasure if not a profit. To get out of a warm bed on a frosty morning to loan the directory to a stranger hunting a tavern he regards as one of the pleasantest duties of his profession. Knowing these things it was with some degree of uneasiness that the manager's friends saw him one day last week drink glass after glass of vaniller sody, with a rash disregard for consequences. The unusual dissipation had been brought about by a very simple incident: A lady, well dressed and with every evidence of being mentally well balanced, came into the pharmacy, and, after buying a postage-stamp and having it licked, put on the envelope, and a boy sent to the post office, took a bottle from her pocket. "I would like," she said sweetly, "to have this prescription renewed."

Mr. Connor looked at the bottle and saw that it bore the label of an Atlantic City druggist. "If you will give me the original prescription," he said, "I will be pleased to fill it."

"I cannot do that," was the lady's reply, "because the prescription is in Atlantic City."

"Then," asked Mr. Connor, "how can I oblige you?"

"Is it possible that you cannot accommodate me?" asked the visitor, growing suddenly indignant. "What sort of a druggist are you, anyhow?"

"Well," said the sweet-tempered Connor, "I am only a man druggist—an ordinary, every-day man druggist, and I can't see my way clear to do it."

The lady got up from her seat angrily. "I declare," she said, "I never saw such a set of disobliging creatures in my life as you druggists are. I should think if you had any sense at all you could guess at it!"

And that is why the apostle of patience drowned his sorrows in the sizzling soda.

"Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade, where rheumatism and headache would never reach me more." Why! you needn't travel so far, old fellow, just try a bottle of Salvation Oil; that's what you want.

FOR THE LADIES.

THE LATEST FREAKS OF FASHION IN NEW YORK.

A Suggestion—The Polonaise—Millinery—Feathers and Birds—Distinctive Mourning Garments—Notes.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

NEW YORK, October 1, 1887.

Provided they be standard goods—fabrics which can be depended upon to be more or less in fashion next season—one is wise in purchasing some of the just past season's wash-fabrics and other light materials because they are naturally selling at very low figures and form excellent investments for next year. By little provident "shifts" such as this many ladies manage to reduce materially their annual expenditure for dress. Consequently the frugal-minded should profit by the above hint.

The polonaise will be exceedingly popular this season, young ladies being especially partial to that form of dress.

Polonaises should be made so as to fully reveal the underskirt at the sides, and even at the front; the latter should be as elaborate as it can be made.

One handsome costume of this kind, in plaided woollen material, fell in a round-pointed apron in front, the back drapery (that being, of course, part of the polonaise itself) being full, long, and turned under at the end. The waist portion was very simply trimmed in front, with folded bands of silk laid from the respective shoulders across the body to the waist, where a large knot of ribbon was placed. Behind they were carried over the shoulders and brought in to the waist, with a knot of ribbon falling over one hip.

The skirt was of heavier woollen goods, smooth, and with strips of ribbon laid vertically upon it, at intervals all the way round. These ribbon bands were themselves looped every few inches. Ribbon bows were also placed upon the shoulders.

The costume, upon the whole, made a very neat and pretty promenade dress.

Millinery presents the one prominent feature of feathers. Ostrich plumes, cock's feathers, and all kinds of smaller feathers are seen, but there is a noticeable absence of whole birds. Whether this abstinence from "dead birds" is at all due to the influence of the Audubon Society deponent saith not.

The larger-brimmed shapes, up to this so popular, are not much worn. They are exceedingly picturesque and the straw forms could readily be reproduced in felt, but they are not popular, and, consequently, smaller, close-fitting shapes are seen.

Capotes have become small and insignificant affairs in themselves, although they are trimmed extravagantly and profusely. They impart about the same idea as an old-fashioned evening head-dress. These are, of course, not very suitable for young ladies unless they be married.

Hat shapes have broad brims, velvet covered, which turn up in front and on the sides. They are very jaunty, and look well trimmed with black lace if the velvet used is of a dark shade. Plumes and ribbon may be added. More plain ribbon is being used this season than last, although the *picot* and other fancy varieties are by no means discarded.

Hat pins and combs for evening head-dress are seen in the most elaborate and fanciful designs. Some of them are very beautiful.

Lingerie is not quite so dressy as it has been during the heated term, but this is natural, as the style of dress does not admit of so extensive a display of handsome *gilets*, plastrons, chemisettes, or lace-and-ribbon vests.

For in-door wear, however, these are occasionally seen.

Elaborate ruchings are not requisite, as the style of neck-wear authorizes the simple white-linen collar, appearing above the military neck-band of the basque.

Distinctive mourning garments now include the most minute details of the toilet. For instance, a new department of these goods has been opened devoted exclusively to mourning hosiery. Of course with mourning costume black stockings have been heretofore deemed essential, and most ladies have worn them as a matter of course, but the instructions given by Dame Fashion now are that, with the wearing of "half-mourning," lavender and white (striped or checked), lavender and black, plain lavender, or black and white are to be worn. This is an institution of fashion, but every lady must judge for herself as to its tastefulness.

For ordinary wear black hose are still in the ascendant, and, with the exception of silk evening stockings, nearly all the hosiery shown is in solid colors. These ball-room stockings, however, are woven in a thousand curious, unique, and variegated designs, some of them being excessively ugly. For instance, on a black stocking a waving or serrated yellow or red line will be woven all the way up, starting at the toe and crossing the instep. Or one half of the stocking will be of one color and the other half another. There is a last absurdity in this portion of the toilet imported from Paris and worthy of its origin. This is, to clothe one leg with a stocking of one color and the other in a totally dissimilar hue.

C. H. M.

WILL. S. HAYS.

America's Prolific Writer of Songs.

Will. S. Hays, journalist and song-writer, is in his fifty-first year, busy in journalist work at Louisville and producing numerously as ever verses which take the public fancy and lighten the load of life. He was sixteen years old when he wrote the first song published above his name. His subject was a girl with whom he was in love. Her big brother thrashed him for making what he described as bad verses about her; but Will has persevered in song-writing ever since, and it is computed that more than ten million printed copies of his effusions have been put in circulation. His first successful song was "Evangeline," which won him reputation at home and abroad. Other songs that met with immediate success were "Take This Letter to Mother," "Angels Meet Me at de Cross Roads," "Way Down Yonder in de Cornfields," "Shamus O'Brien," "Nora

O'Neil," "Driven from Home," "The Little Old Cabin in the Lane," "Write Me a Letter from Home," "The Wandering Refugee," and "Mollie Darling." The last named proved his greatest success, over a million copies of it being sold in a comparatively short time. It was republished in France, England, Germany, Holland, and Australia. His songs, as they appear, are eagerly welcomed by the public. Their author has realized so little by the production of verses that he does newspaper work for a living.

Hays was born in Louisville on July 19, 1837. His father was a wagon-maker, and Will's first verses were written on boards and shingles with pieces of charcoal in his father's shop. The boy was a poor student. He ran away from several schools to which his father had sent him. When he finally settled down to live in his native city he began a career which has had many a rough experience in it, but he is a cheery and well-preserved man, living in much domestic comfort. He is married, and the father of a son and daughter.

[Published by request.]

A Child of Earth.

I wandered long beside the alien waters,
For summer suns were warm and winds were dead;
Fields fair as hope were stretching on before me,
Forbidden paths were pleasant to my tread.
From boughs that hung between me and the heavens
I gathered summer fruitage red and gold;
For me the idle singers sung of pleasure;
My days went by like stories that are told;
On my rose-tree grew roses for my plucking,
As red as love, or pale as tender pain.
I found no thorns to vex me in my garland;
Each day was good, and nothing bloomed in vain;
Sometimes I danced as in a dream to music,
And kept quick time with many flying feet,
And some one praised me in the music's measure,
And very young was life and love was sweet.
How could I listen to the low voice calling,
"Come hither—leave thy music and thy mirth!"
How could I stop to hear of far-off Heaven?
I lived and loved and was a child of earth.
Then came a hand and took away my treasure,
Trimmed my fine gold, and cut my rose-tree down,
Changed my dance-music into mournful measure,
Quenched the bright day, and turned my green fields brown,
Till walking lonely through the empty places,
Where love and I no more kept holiday;
My sad eyes growing wonted to the darkness,
Beheld a new light shining far away.
And I could bear my hopes should lie around me
Dead like my flowers, fallen before their time,
For well I knew some tender spring would raise them
To brighter blossoms in that far-off clime,
Where shines the light of an unending morning,
Where fair things bloom, but never any die;
And the glad rose of a celestial dawning
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